ZACK SNYDER

THE PORTRAITS OF
REBEL MOON

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Contained in these pages are photographs I took during the filming of *Rebel Moon*.

The photographs were taken in a custom-built mobile studio, a twenty-by-fifteen-foot space, walls draped in black duvetyn, a ten-foot silk canopy, natural light illuminating each subject with a soft and consistent top light.

I shot the images with my Leica M10 Monochrom through Canon "dream lenses," expertly rebuilt and modified with a Leica M mount by Zero Optik, combining the vintage lenses' qualities—an incredibly fast aperture setting of .95, unique organic bokeh and an insanely shallow depth of field—with the modern photographic capabilities of the M10. The combined elements capture the essences of the many unique characters of *Rebel Moon*.

These images honor not only the talent and dedication of our incredible cast but also the craftsmanship and artistry that went into every aspect of our production.

With gratitude and admiration,
Zack Snyder

Opposite: **Zack Snyder and Jena Malone**

INTRODUCTION

by Kurt Johnstad

"If you go to a master to study and learn the techniques, you diligently follow all the instructions the master puts upon you. But then comes the time for using the rules in your own way and not being bound by them.... You can actually forget the rules because they have been assimilated.

"You are an artist. Your own innocence now is of one who has become an artist, who has been, as it were, transmuted.... You can't have creativity unless you leave behind the bounded, the fixed, all the rules." —Joseph Campbell

I am acutely aware that for me to remain objective in writing this introduction will be nearly impossible. I am close to the photographer of this book. We have a shared history of collaboration and respect for one another's capabilities.

Anyone who knows Zack well can speak to his professional and personal loyalty. The many people who create and share their lives with Zack all know how tremendously fortunate we are.

What has always impressed me the most about Zack is his fierce loyalty to his own artistic liberties, which are rarely compromised. This freedom allows Zack to create with a deep purpose and an intrepid clarity.

Little did I know at the time that saying yes would change the trajectory of my life forever. As I remember it, the two-day job was a chance to earn some quick money so I could return to Yosemite.

That was thirty years ago.

It was 1993. Los Angeles. That was where I met the twenty-seven-year-old journeyman director Zack Snyder. Out on the edge of the San Fernando Valley, just off the 210 Freeway, sits the family-owned Delfino Studios. There was a thick marine layer that morning, and the crew members were still filtering into the soundstage.

I heard Zack's coruscating voice as I entered the darkness of Stage 1. A half dozen crew members stood around him. Zack turned as he felt my presence and smiled his puckish smile. Then Zack went back to the group and continued with a childhood story as he cradled an Arri 2C in his arms.

Always a camera close by.

As I replay that first encounter, it's like I was witnessing the formation of a celestial star. Zack filled the soundstage with this bright, burning intensity that excited everyone listening. When his story ended, Zack had everyone's attention. You could hear a pin drop. Now Zack could lead them. And then he turned to his crew and said, "Let's shoot something cool today."

With that invitation, we all went to work—everyone, save him. Zack didn't make it look like work. He made it look like play. Zack was a whirling dervish, moving from shot to shot, setup to setup. To Zack, the work was joy.

In those early days, which Zack later called our "salad days," he had a purity and optimism that are very often reserved for only the young and those bold enough to dream without any restriction or any limits.

On that first day, I realized that Zack was certainly a storyteller. He was confident, passionate, charming, and you could sense his absolute commitment to the task at hand but most importantly you could sense the mystery of his future self.

On the completion of the second day of filming, Zack walked over to me. "I don't know why but I thought you should have this. It was my grandfather Earl's." Zack handed me a simple briarwood smoking pipe. I thanked him. I didn't smoke, and it didn't matter. Zack had gifted me the first of many treasures. I still have Earl's pipe to this day.

Zack then disappeared, out the soundstage doors and into the fading light of the parking lot to join his newborn daughter.

Zack's spontaneity was like nothing I'd ever experienced: the way he met challenges, solved problems, his point of view and his natural ability to draw the very best out of everyone around him.

I figured I would never see him again. I was wrong.

Three decades later, my first impressions remain true. Zack is still confident, passionate and charming. As we have grown older, his optimism remains unchanged, as does the loyalty to our friendship.

I have stood shoulder to shoulder with Zack for much of his public and private lives. All of his great joys and his unfathomable sorrows. I have watched as he charted his course, found his North Star and navigated towards his love both as an artist and as a man.

Zack is not immune to struggles. I've observed him as he shouldered his share. Somehow Zack holds the complexity and richness of both his exterior and his interior world. To my eyes, there is no separation of the two. Zack has sewn both these worlds together with a thread made of grace.

There has been one constant I have witnessed over thirty years—Zack has always had a camera close by. There were Nikons, a Pentax 6x7, multiple Polaroid Land cameras, iPhones and many, many Leicas. These tools both professionally and personally serve Zack's restless desire to create something beautiful. To leave something behind, to be brave enough to forge an authentic authorship of his life. The idea of immortality through his work.

How does Zack balance the responsibility of his imagination and artistic self so seamlessly? I'll never know, and to be perfectly honest, I don't want to know. That would be like learning a trick from a magician. For me, it's a magic that is not to be questioned. It's not to be understood. It is only to be lived. It is both mystical and vulnerable. This is the life of an artist.

How I see it, it's like breathing for Zack. An automatic state of response and reaction, from the time he wakes until he closes his eyes. Zack's entire creative process encircles, consumes, drives and replenishes him.

It truly is his soul's work.

Let me share a handful of stories of what I witnessed.

North Africa, 1995. Five a.m. The heavily armed Algerian border guards were curious as they looked down at the headlights of our caravan. The film trucks rolled to a stop, and the entire crew dismounted and stood in the freezing cold.

The young director was nowhere to be seen. So we waited, unloading the cameras and gear from the canvas-sided trucks. Above us the sky was heavy with stars, which the local Amazigh tribes have used to navigate for centuries. Then from the complete blackness of the Sahara, Zack appeared, a twinkle in his eye and a still camera in his right hand.

"I found a good spot—it's not far. Thirty-two mm on A camera. B camera gets the 10:1. Bring the dolly and track. Follow me."

So we did. We followed Zack out across the razor-sharp rocks and into the dunes of the Grand Erg Oriental. In complete darkness, we set the dolly and cameras and built a portable studio of speed rail, black cloth walls with a silk ceiling.

Zack had long been inspired by the black cube that Irving Penn used for years to photograph his subjects on location. I remember reading that Irving Penn would often daydream of "being mysteriously deposed...among the disappearing aborigines...in remote parts of the earth."

So in this remote place I witnessed Zack waiting with a hunter's patience for the sun to rise in the east. And when the soft light began to rake across the barren landscape, Zack called out, "Okay...Wait for it...Now...It's beautiful...Action."

I recall a quote by Irving Penn: "A good photograph is one that communicates a fact, touches the heart and leaves the viewer a changed person for having seen it. It is, in a word, effective."

As the North African sun disappeared to the west, all the crew and talent moved back to our trucks. I witnessed Zack, now alone, lift his still camera in the waning light and allow himself to be changed by that remote place.

Always a camera close by.

What I know to be true is that Zack's appetite for beauty is guided by his deep, insatiable need not to conform but to understand the people and world around him.

Once, in Paris, I witnessed Zack stand in front of Caravaggio's *Death of the Virgin* while the entire museum emptied. Zack was transfixed by the painting's power.

Later that night, both of us jet-lagged, we walked through the streets of the first arrondissement, until we stood in the middle of the Pont Alexandre III. Zack looked across the Seine into the heart of Faubourg St. Germain, still thinking about the Caravaggio. "That painting...the way he captured the light, his application of color...You're pulled into the blackness." Zack focused his camera on golden Fame restraining Pegasus and on the Dôme des Invalides beyond. The click of the shutter. I believe Zack's curiosity leads him to these rare moments of pure aesthetic arrest.

In Rome, I witnessed Zack getting lost in the human forms that Bernini and Canova had shaped from marble. Later that evening, we sat at a café across from the Pantheon drinking sambuca. I recall Zack saying, "That's not talent. That is a lifetime of dedication. To create on that level...It's obsession."

In Ireland, in County Wicklow, I witnessed as Zack stood on a low hill covered in ryegrass and white clover. He watched as the light was amplified along the verdant hills and down onto Lough Tay. Only when the light was right did Zack depress his shutter.

Always a camera close by.

Once, in China, along the Simatai section of the Great Wall, I witnessed Zack kneeling by a wood fire, completely silent, deep within his thoughts, connected to some secret internal conversation with himself. It stands out in my memory because Zack is such a kinetic human being. A real force of nature. And this is one of the first times I had ever seen him quiet, reflective, almost meditative as he stared into the flames.

But only until Zack noticed the subtle pre-dawn change of color in the sky to the east. Without a word, he bolted up the ancient stone steps, camera in hand, to get a photograph.

Always a camera close by.

In Hanoi, I witnessed Zack disappear down a bustling alleyway. Pure human chaos. Minutes later, he returned holding several black-and-white Polaroids. A young boy riding a bicycle in a school uniform and a little girl squatting near her mother's feet at an outdoor kitchen.

Once, in Rio de Janeiro, Zack wanted to see the neighborhoods beyond the safety of the Copacabana Palace. He didn't want to train at a hotel gym. He wanted to find where the locals lifted iron. So, after some convincing, our driver dropped us off and told us not to wander the streets—this could be a very dangerous place.

After the workout, we were about to climb back in the crew van when I watched as Zack noticed a group of teenagers standing on the corner. Before our driver could say a word, Zack was moving towards the group with his camera, danger or not. The equatorial sun was warm against the faded-pink cinder-block building. Zack was drawn towards its beauty. A few minutes later, he returned, smiling with a portrait of a beautiful young woman.

I have witnessed Zack so many places, and there are so many stories. The Skeleton Coast of Namibia. Diving in Papua New Guinea. Riding old trains in Tunisia. Atop elephants at the Amber Fort in Rajasthan. Surfing in Mexico. Standing on icebergs. Flying in a de Havilland Tiger Moth over South Africa. Skiing in the Andes. A typhoon in Hong Kong. Haitian street vendors. A blizzard in Manhattan. Home plate at Wrigley Field. The California redwoods. The midnight sun of the Arctic. A flat tire in Mumbai. A Barolo in Tuscany. A pint in Dublin. The walk on Omaha Beach. And watching him fall in love in New Zealand. I've witnessed all of it and...

Always a camera close by.

What Zack leaves out of his images is always as important as what he includes. He often uses an absence of focus to, I believe, stimulate a desire for more to be revealed. It demands an emotional connection.

Zack's work is a balance of being both evocative and provocative. Over these many years, Zack has refined his ability to interact and draw out the soul of his subjects in these rare moments.

The French photographer Henri Cartier-Bresson is credited with the term "the decisive moment." I would invite you to think of your own life in such a way. How many decisive moments can you string together, the ones that shaped and changed the course of your life?

The human connections and waypoints...every single decisive moment that challenged you...deepened you...the ones that pushed you away...or propelled you forward...the ones that allowed you to become closer to your true self...to the natural world...to your loved ones...and discover the purpose of your heart.

I have seen Zack create thousands of these images, which I believe reflect his openness to what it is to be human.

I am reminded of the words of the American poet Mary Oliver: "Tell me, what is it you plan to do / with your one wild and precious life?"

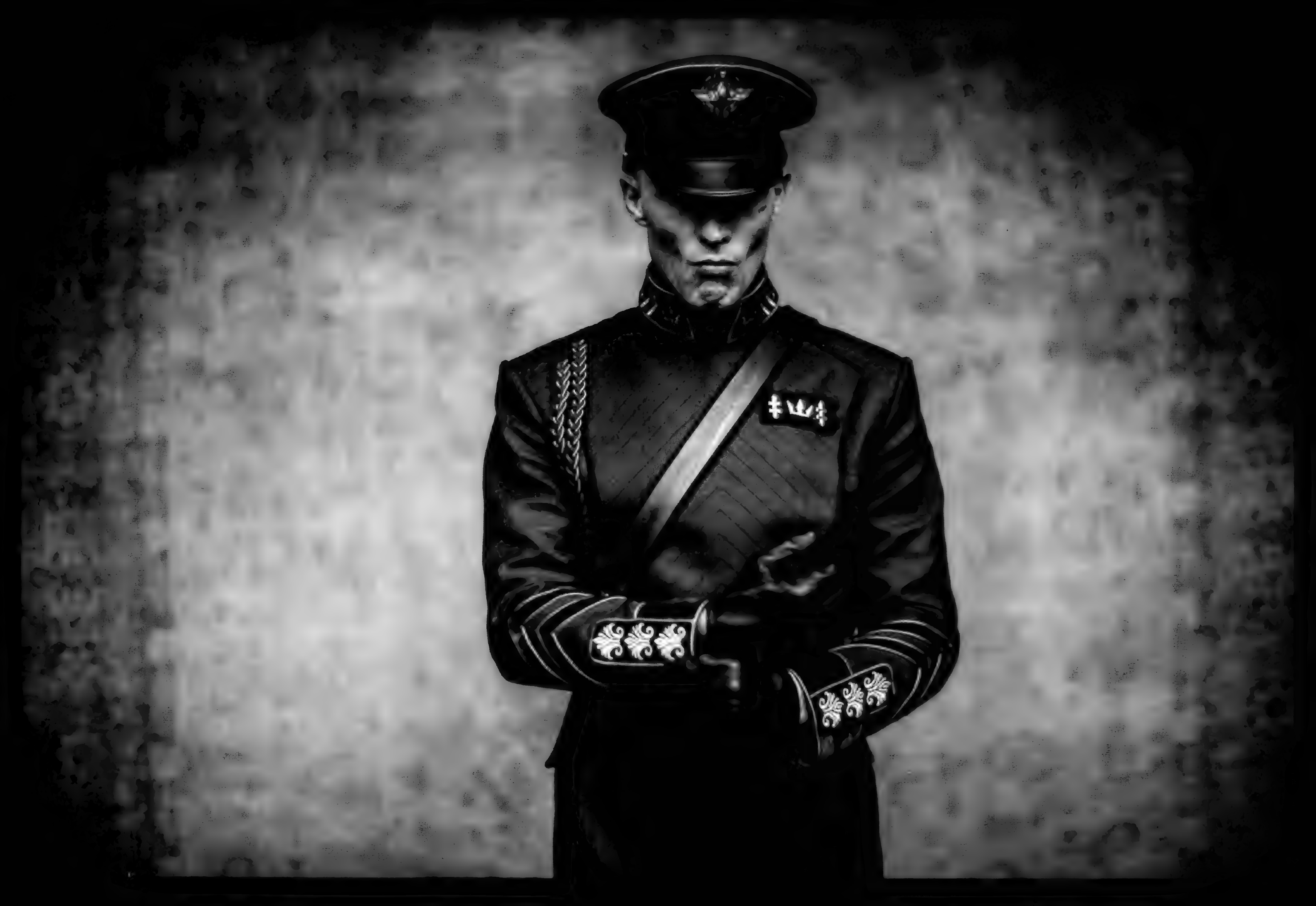
I've been honored to witness Zack in his one wild and precious life.

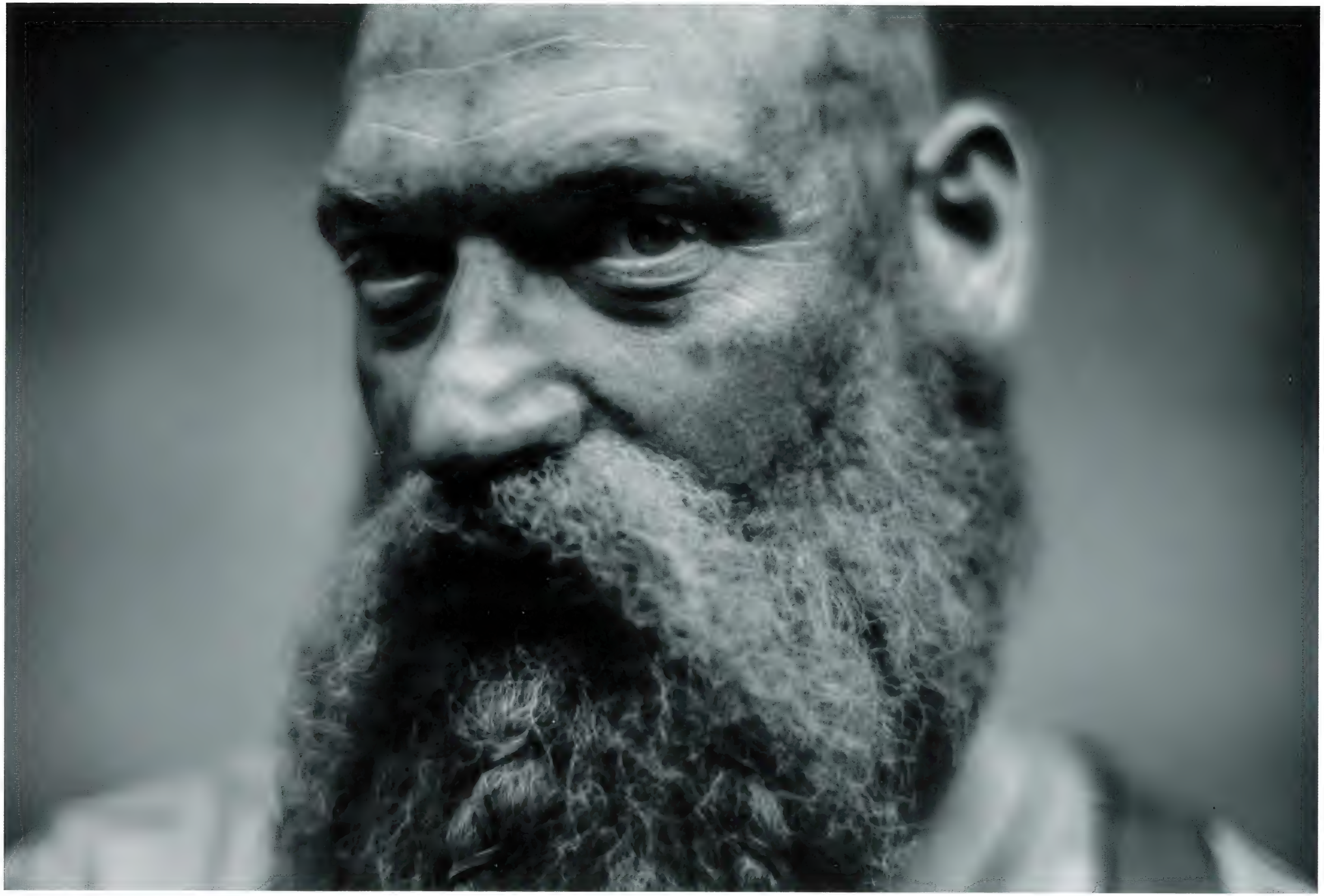
This book of black-and-white photographs is a glimpse behind the magic curtain of Zack Snyder's imagination.

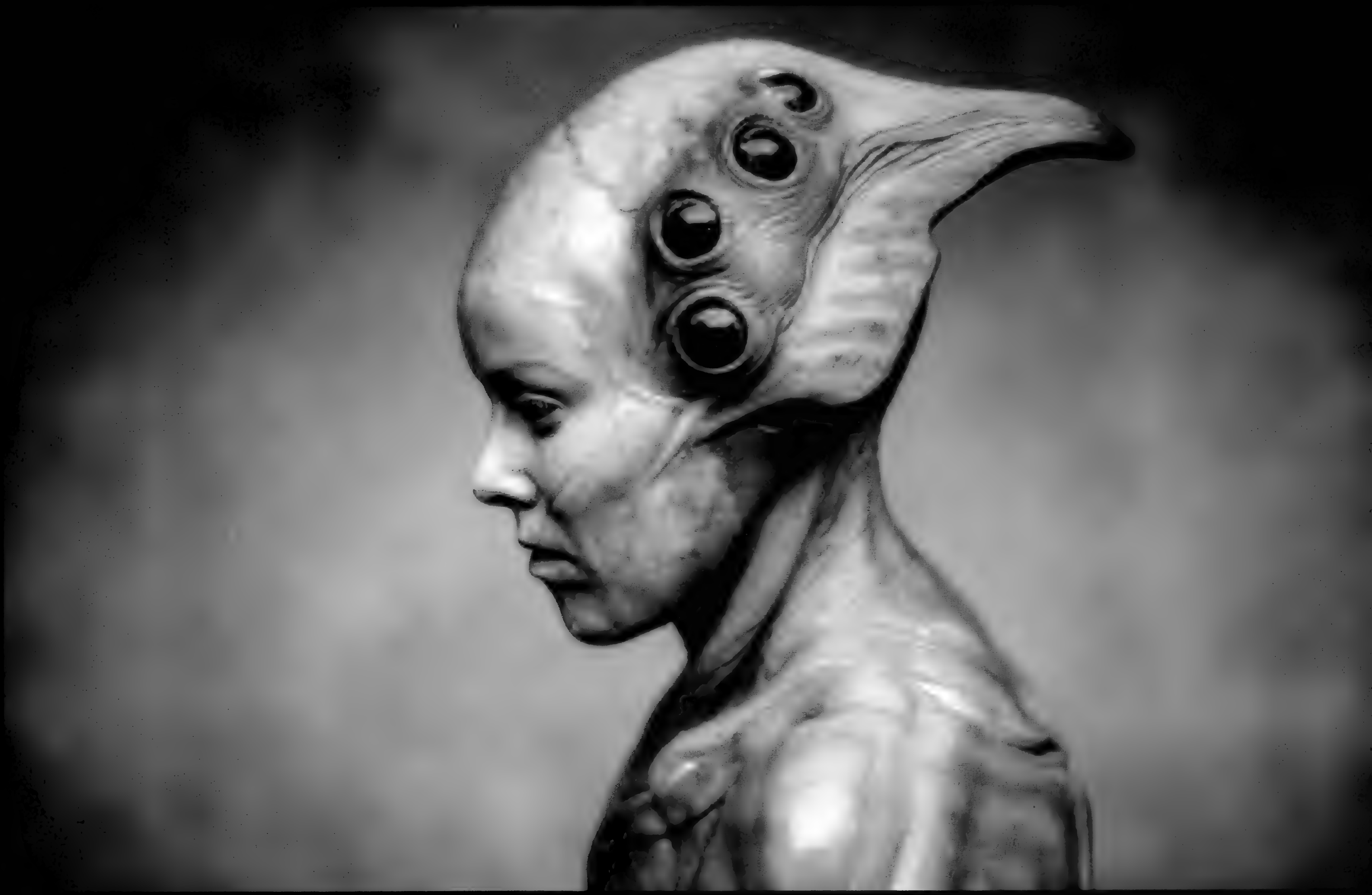
Enjoy them...and I can most certainly guarantee Zack will.

Always have a camera close by.

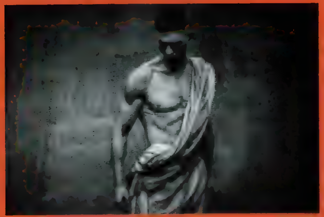
Adam J. Smith and Michael James Bell | Med Techs
Previous pages (left): **Sofia Boutella** | Kora







CAPTIONS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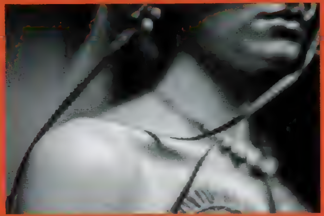
Anthony Hopkins | Jimmy

Rayne Bidder | Maia

Keira Lee Wheeler | Youngest Daughter

Staz Nair | Tarak

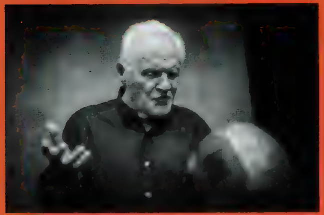
Ed Skrein | Atticus Noble


Natalia Fuenteabla | Toa Priestess

Rhian Rees | Queen

Small Creature

Soma Mitra | Mother


Anthony Hopkins | Jimmy

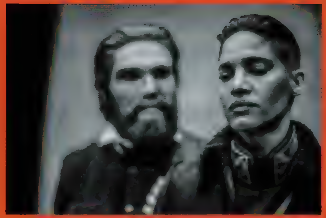
Rayne Bidder | Maia

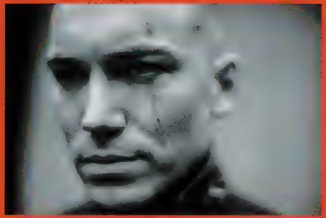
Rhian Rees | Queen

Keira Lee Wheeler | Youngest Daughter

Miki Murad | Marquess

Miki Murad | Marquess

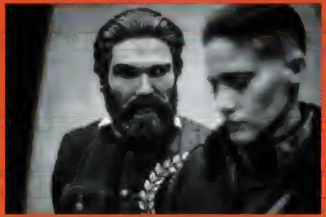

Fra Fee and Sofia Boutella | Balisarius and Kora


Rory Gibson | Cadet

Cesalina Gracie | Xanadite

Still Life

Miki Murad | Marquess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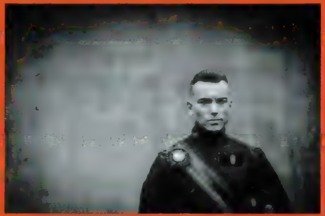
Staz Nair | Tarak

Jordan Coleman | Courtesan

Dustin Ceithamer | Jimmy

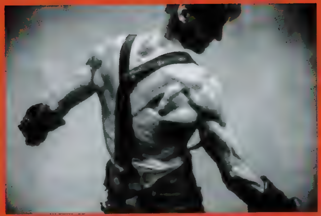
Fra Fee and Sofia Boutella | Balisarius and Kora


Rory Gibson | Cadet

Soma Mitra | Mother

Stella Grace Fitzgerald | Princess Issa

Bonnie Morgan | Servant Girl



Alessandro Komadina | Blacksmith

Ben Hermann | Courtesan

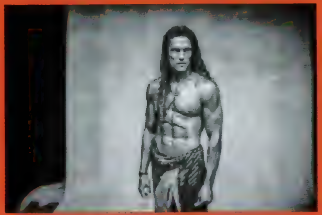
Rhian Rees | Queen

Ed Skrein | Atticus Noble

Ed Skrein | Atticus Noble

Ed Skrein | Atticus Noble

Ed Skrein | Atticus Noble



Staz Nair | Tarak

E Duffy | Milius

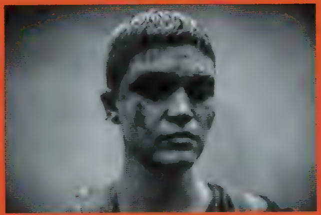
E Duffy | Milius

Frank Takaki | Courtesan

Ed Skrein | Atticus Noble

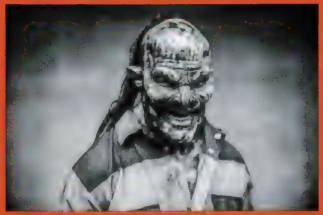
Cary Elwes | King

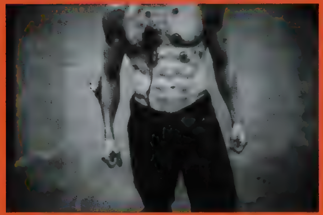
Lila Barad | Young Kora



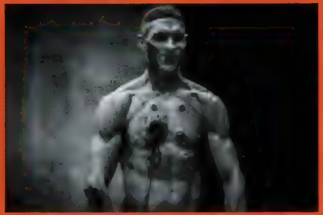
E Duffy | Milius

Charlie Hunnam | Kai


Derek Mears | Hawkshaw Simeon


Ed Skrein | Atticus Noble

Ed Skrein | Atticus Noble


Ed Skrein | Atticus Noble

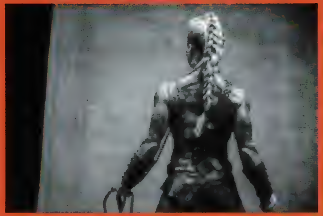
Jillana Laufer | Lady

JC Henning | Royal Courtier

Corey Stoll | Sindri

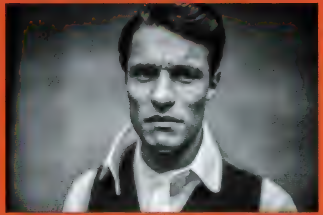
Corey Stoll | Sindri

Fra Fee | Balisarius


Brooke Ence | Gladiator

Jillana Laufer | Lady

E Duffy | Milius


Staz Nair | Tarak

Staz Nair and E Duffy | Tarak and Milius

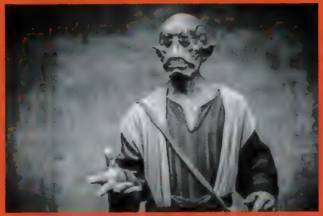
E Duffy | Milius

Staz Nair | Tarak

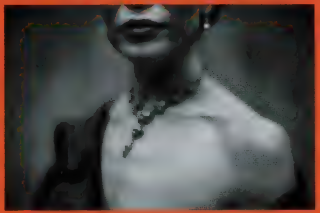
Staz Nair | Tarak

Staz Nair | Tarak

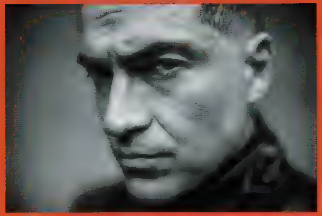
Staz Nair | Tarak


Charles Lines | Merchant

Mario Valdez | Ranch Hand


Rhian Rees | Queen

Parasite


Alfonso Herrera | Cassius

Alfonso Herrera | Cassius

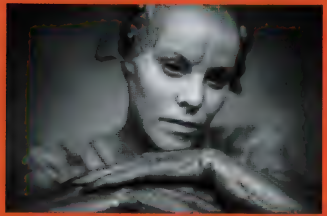
Sisse Marie | Astrid

Misha Bukowski | General

Misha Bukowski | General

Jena Malone | Harmada

Jena Malone | Harmada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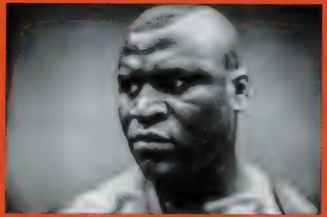
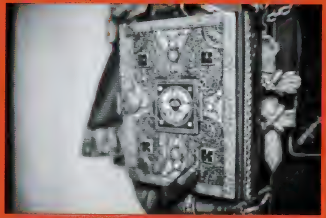

Francis Ngannou | Champion

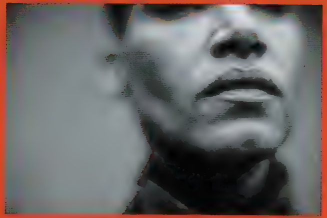
Francis Ngannou | Champion

John Orr | Scribe

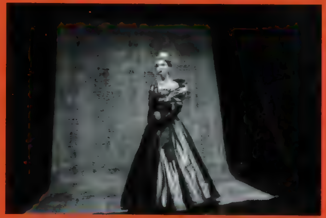

John Orr | Scribe

John Orr | Scribe

Sofia Boutella | Kora


Sofia Boutella | Kora

Michiel Huisman | Gunnar


Rhian Rees | Queen

Cary Elwes | King

Staz Nair | Tarak

Mary Kay McCartney | Heiress

Nazir | Royal Pet

Stella Grace Fitzgerald | Princess Issa

Rhian Rees | Queen

Isabella Brenza | Courtesan

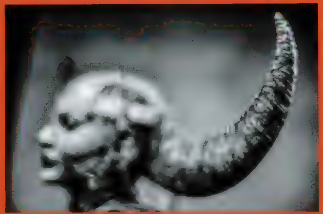
Sofia Boutella | Kora

Tom Virtue | Tycoon

Stella Grace Fitzgerald | Princess Issa

Jordan Coleman | Courtesan

Isabella Brenza | Courtesan



Jordan Coleman | Courtesan

Sofia Boutella | Kora

Charlie Hunnam | Kai

Robert Badski | Rancher

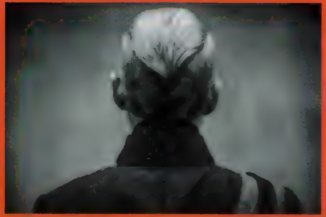
Isabella Brenza | Courtesan

Anthony Hopkins | Jimmy

Djimon Hounsou | Titus

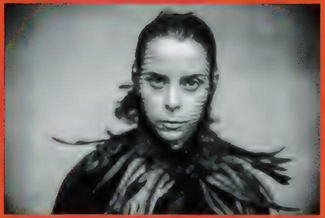
Djimon Hounsou | Titus

Sofia Boutella | Kora



Misha Bukowski | General

Sky Yang | Aris

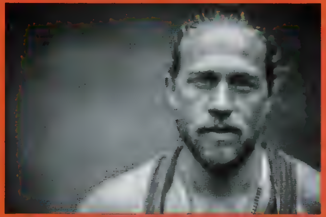


Rashvir Singh | Mourner

Djimon Hounsou | Titus

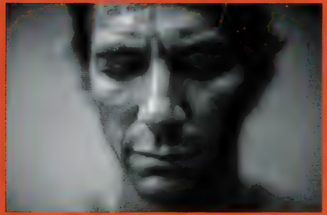
Sofia Boutella | Kora

Anthony Hopkins | Jimmy

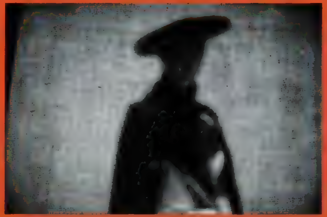


Charlie Hunnam | Kai

Elena Ambrozieva | Mourner



Michiel Huisman | Gunnar



Jillian Morgese | Baroness

Maeve Garay | Calliope

Sofia Boutella | Kora

Fra Fee | Balisarius

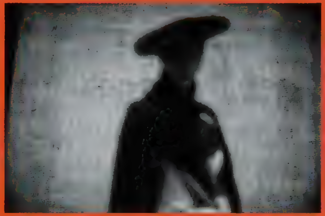
Fra Fee | Balisarius

David Katz | Show Girl

David Katz | Show Girl

David Katz | Show Girl

Jillian Morgese | Baroness



Jillian Morgese | Baroness

Jillian Morgese | Baroness

Marcus Taormina | Tycoon

Marcus Taormina | Tycoon

Cary Elwes | King

Michael James Bell | Med Tech

Alyssa Appleton | Prime Minister

Dre Andrews | Bloodaxe Rebel

Fra Fee | Balisarius

Dirk Kingston | Cadet

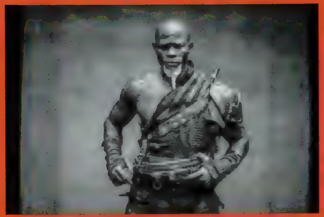
Livi Dom | Cadet

Ben Hermann | Courtesan

Meredith VanCuyk | Performer

JC Henning | Royal Courtier

Yu-Beng Lim | Heron



Djimon Hounsou | Titus

Bonnie Morgan | Servant Girl

Kyle Samples | Player

Cody Banta | Soldier

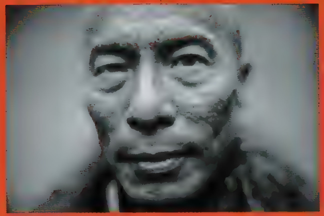
Rayne Bidder | Maia

Djimon Hounsou | Titus

James O'Halloran | Rough Man

Jillana Laufer | Lady

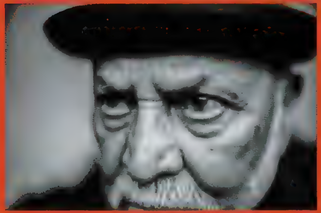
Chloe Stalger | Medai Villager



Yu-Beng Lim | Heron

Rayne Bidder | Maia

Soma Mitra | Mother



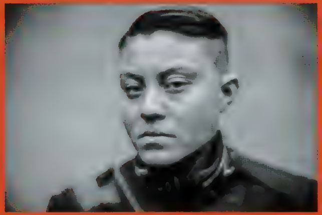
Mohamed Omer | Funeral Goer

Sofia Boutella | Kora

Sofia Boutella | Kora

Sofia Boutella | Kora

Dennis Keiffer | Soldier



Harley Wiborg | Cadet

Rich Cetrone | Krypteian Guard

Rich Cetrone | Krypteian Guard

E Duffy | Milius

E Duffy | Milius

Sofia Boutella | Kora

Nick Pasqual | Valet

Ed Skrein | Atticus Noble

Ed Skrein | Atticus Noble

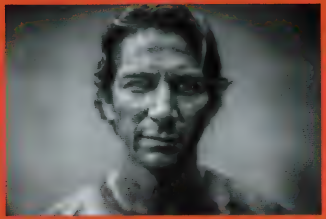
Ed Skrein | Atticus Noble

Ray Fisher | Bloodaxe

Ray Fisher | Bloodaxe

Fra Fee | Balisarius

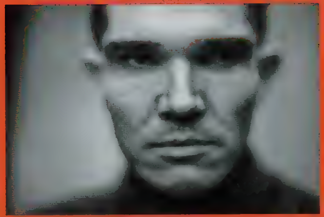
Fra Fee | Balisarius



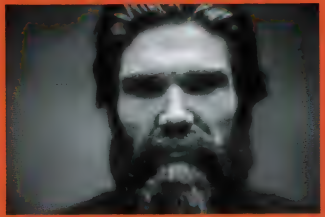
Michiel Huisman | Gunnar

Sisse Marie | Astrid

Tony Brown | Miner



Fra Fee | Balisarius

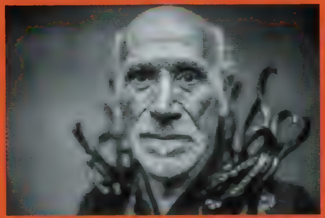


Fra Fee | Balisarius

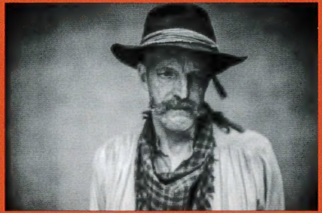
Alessandro Komadina | Blacksmith

E Duffy | Milius

Amy Sturdivant | Bloodaxe Rebel



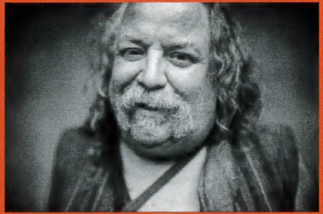
Tony Amendola | King Levitica



Jim Tavaré | Ranch Hand

Stella Grace Fitzgerald | Princess Issa

Sofia Boutella | Kora



Ray Porter | Hickman

Sofia Boutella | Kora

Sofia Boutella | Kora

Sofia Boutella | Kora

Alana Blair | Miner

Djimon Hounsou | Titus

Michiel Huisman | Gunnar

Sofia Boutella | Kora

Sofia Boutella | Kora

Sofia Boutella | Kora

Sofia Boutella | Kora

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With much gratitude,
Zack

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Zack Snyder

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